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# TWISTED

## TALES

NO. 1



# INFECTED

THE NATIVES CALLED THEM **VIENTO DE FUEGO** -- "FIREWIND". SOUTH OF ARROYO GRANDE THEY WERE KNOWN AS **SANTANA** ... **DIABLO** -- OR, MOST COMMONLY, THE **SANTA ANA**. WHATEVER YOU CALLED THEM, THEY BLEW INCESSANTLY, MOANING THROUGH THE THE CANYONS, GUSTING ACROSS THE PLAINS. MIX THEM WITH THE IGNS IN THE AIR AND THEY CAUSED -- FOR SOME UNFORTUNATES -- MIGRAINES. YOU ARE ONE OF THE UNFORTUNATES ...

NUTS.



YOUR NAME IS OSCAR FELPS. YOUR HEAD HURTS. YOUR FEET HURT. YOUR BACK HURTS. YOU'RE SICK OF THIS CRUMMY JOB ... THIS CRUMMY WIND ...

YOU TURN FROM THE COOL FROTHING SURF, WALK TO THE OVER OF YOUR CAR. A BROWNISH LUMP SCUTTLES PAST YOUR SHOE. LUCKY LITTLE CRAB, HE GOES BACK TO THE TEEMING SEA ... YOU GO BACK TO THE EMPTINESS OF YOUR JOB ...

BUT SOMEBODY -- AS THE SAYING GOES -- HAS TO DO IT. YOU VOLUNTEERED BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD BE BETTER THAN PUSHING THAT CRUMMY PENCIL BEHIND THAT CRUMMY DESK IN CRUMMY SANTA MIRA. MAYBE YOU WERE RIGHT. AT LEAST YOU GOT OUT IN THE AIR THIS WAY ... EVEN IF THE AIR WAS BLOWING YOU ALL OVER THE HIGHWAY ...



WELL, NO SENSE BITCHING ABOUT THAT NOW, THE HEADACHE IS BAD ENOUGH ALREADY. IT'S ALMOST FOUR O'CLOCK. YOU HAVE TWO MORE STOPS TO MAKE BEFORE YOU CAN POP A COLD TOP, LAY IN A COOL TUB, AND FLIP THROUGH THIS MONTH'S 'PLAYBOY'...



YOU WINCE BACK THE PAIN IN YOUR SKULL, HEAVE A WEARY SIGH, AND NOSE THE CAR SOUTH TOWARD LOS OLIVOS. YOU CHECK THE CLIPBOARD ON THE SEAT BESIDE YOU: THE SANTOS FAMILY. WETBACKS, NO DOUBT. GOD, HERE WE GO AGAIN...



AN HOUR LATER YOU'RE EDDING INTO A CRUDE DRYWAY, LITTERED WITH BROKEN TOYS AND FAGED MILK CARTONS. YOU BAZE UP AT A DELAPIDATED, PAINT-PEELING, ONE ROOM SHACK. YOU CAN ALREADY GUESS AT ITS CONTENTS...



PART OF ITS CONTENTS STAND SILENTLY AMONG THE RUSTED BI-CYCLE FRAMES AND BRITTERING GARBAGE, DARK, WIDE, ALMOND EYES WATCHING YOU QUIETLY. TATTERED MAG COLLS CLUTCHED IN THEIR HANDS...



SOMETHING GARTS FROM THE SHADOWS BENEATH THE HOUSE. SOMETHING BROWN AND HANGY AND LOUD. A LENGTH OF ROPE CHECKS ITS TEETH FROM SINKING INTO YOUR ANKLES...



THE SANTOS 'FAMILY' CONSISTS OF ONE HARRIED MOTHER IN HER LATE THIRTIES, FIVE OR SIX SCREAMING, BROWN-SKINNED CHILDREN, A YAPPING MOCKERY OF A CANINE, AND NO HUSBAND. MRS. SANTOS IS ON WELFARE... FOREVER...



CRIST

MRS. SANTOS? MY NAME IS OSCAR FELPS. I'M FROM NATIONAL CREDIT COLLECTION AGENCY...

WHAT JEW WANT?

IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME. THE NAMES MAY DIFFER, THE LOCATIONS ALTER SLIGHTLY, BUT THE RESULT IS THE SAME...

MRS. SANTOS, MY COMPANY HAS BEEN EXTREMELY LERENT IN YOUR CASE AND--

WHAT JEW WANT ME TO SENT JEW OOR GIT BLUDD FROM A TULIP? WE GOT NO MAH-NEY! COMPRENDE? WE BUSTED!

ACCORDING TO OUR RECORDS, MRS. SANTOS, YOU ARE DELINQUENT IN PAYMENT FOR THE LAST SIX--

I TOLE DA MOM ON DA PHONE! WE GOT NO MAH-NEY! JEW GO WAY! LOSE US LONE!



THE BABY IN HER ARMS BEGINS TO SCREAM, PROBABLY FROM HUNGER. IT ADDS ITS OWN HORROR PAIN TO THE ALREADY-BURNEERING ADDNY POUNDING IN YOUR HEAD. YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE ANOTHER ONE...

MRS. SANTOS, PLEASE, I--

WHY DON JEW TRY RAISE SIX KIDS ON FOOD STAMPS SOMETIME, MISTURET HART. WHY DON JEW TRY ETC.

THE CEASELESS WHIOWHIPS AT YOUR HEAD, THE WOMAN'S TWISTED LIPS FORM AN ENDLESS STREAM OF DISCONNECTED RAVINGS, THE CHILD'S WAIL RISES HIGHER THAN THE SCREAMING SANTA ANA, TEARING AT THE PIT OF YOUR GUTS...

... TEARING... TEARING...

...TEARING...

...TEARING...





YOU TRY TO MAKE IT TO THE STEERING WHEEL, TO THE SOFT FOAMING WATERS OF THE BEACH, THE CLEAN SALTY AIR OF THE OCEAN FAR AWAY... BUT THE TEARING IN YOUR GUTS WON'T LET YOU. YOU MAKE IT ONLY TO THE RUSTED BACK FENDER BEFORE EVERYTHING BREAKS LOOSE...



YOU GRAB A SHAKING CLAW ACROSS YOUR MOUTH AND WIPE AWAY THE SOUR SMELLING BILE. THE HOWLING WIND SEEMS TO SHRIEK WITH MOCKING LAUGHTER AS YOU PLUNGE INTO THE SANCTUITY OF THE FRONT SEAT AND PEEL AWAY FROM THE HORROR BEHIND YOU...



A HALF HOUR LATER THINGS ARE A BIT BETTER. THE RAVAGING HEADACHE HAS CALMED TO A DULL POUNDING, THE UNCONTROLLABLE SHAKING HAS BLACKENED ENOUGH TO ALLOW YOUR JAMMING A CIGARETTE BETWEEN YOUR PALE LIPS...



THERE'S ONE MORE NAME ON YOUR CLIPBOARD LIST: MARIA DELGADO. BUT YOU'RE NOT EVEN CONSIDERING CHECKING ON IT. YOU NEED A DRINK. YOU NEED A LOT OF DRINKS. BAD...



IT'S THEN THAT YOU SEE HER FOR THE FIRST TIME...



... WALKING ALL ALONE... ALL ALONE THERE ON THE HOT, EMPTY DESERT HIGHWAY...



YOUR THROAT IS SUDDENLY VERY DRY... BUT NOT FROM THE HOT, INCESSANT WIND... FROM SOMETHING ELSE... YOU SLOW THE CAR...



HI THERE...  
HOT DAY FOR  
WALKING...

SHE HARDLY NOTICES YOU. HER PALE BLUE EYES ARE DISTANT... ALMOST CLOUDY. A WARNING BELL SOUNDS IN YOUR BRAIN... BUT YOU'RE WEARY OF THE DAY... YOU COULD USE A DIVERSION... THIS LOOKS WORTH PURSUING...



YOU NEED A  
RIDE? I'M GOING  
CLEAR TO COMPTON

SHE TURNS THEN AND YOUR CHEST CATCHES. YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO LOVELY. SHE STRIDES GRACEFULLY TO THE WINDOW... SENDS DOWN. PALE BREASTS STRAINING AGAINST THE THIN FABRIC OF HER DRESS...



COMPTON... YES...  
TO LIKE A RIDE...

SHE WINKS AT YOU. A DELICATE

SWEET PERFUME FILLS THE CAR. YOUR HAND TREMBLES ON THE GEARSHIFT AS YOU PULL FREE OF THE SHOULDER...



MY NAME IS  
OSCAR FELPS

I'M MARIE DELGADO.  
I LIVE JUST DOWN  
THE ROAD...

MARIE DELGADO! THE GIRL ON YOUR LIST! BUT SHOULD YOU TELL HER WHO YOU ARE? IT MIGHT PUT HER OFF... THEN AGAIN, IT MIGHT PROVE VERY CONVENIENT... AFTER ALL, IT DOES GIVE YOU A CERTAIN SENSE OF POWER...



HOT DAY.

YES.

THIS IS VERY COINCIDENTAL. I WAS GOING TO CALL ON YOU ANYWAY. I'M FROM NATIONAL CREDIT COLLECTION AGENCY...



OH?

ACCORDING TO OUR RECORDS, YOU'RE DELINQUENT IN YOUR PAYMENTS. MRS. DELGADO...

IT'S MRS DELGADO... AND I... SHE HAS SOME SEVERE MARGINS OF LATE... SOME SEVERE PERSONAL PROBLEMS...



SO YOUNG... SO LOVELY... SO UNMARRIED! PLAY IT COOL, FELPS. YOU MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING HERE...

PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THEM...

OH, NO... I'M... IT'S SO PERSONAL... COULDN'T YOU GIVE ME SOME MORE TIME?... TO BE SO GRATEFUL...

"SO GRATEFUL"... IT'S THE WORD YOU'VE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR...

WELL... PERHAPS WE COULD ARRANGE SOMETHING... YOU SAY YOUR HOUSE IS NEARBY?

JUST DOWN THE ROAD... BUT... I... THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW... I... I'VE HAD...

SHE WHISPERS THE WORD IN YOUR EAR SHYLY. YOU LAUGH, ADOLESCENT MEMORIES OF ITCHING PAIN FLARING IN YOUR MIND...

IT... IT'S (SO) BEEN TERRIBLE! I'M SO ASHAMED!

HA-HAI HECK, THAT'S NOTHING TO GET UPSET ABOUT! LOTS OF FOLKS HAVE BEEN THROUGH THAT!

THEY HAVEN'T

POOR KID. SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HERSELF. LORD... THESE IGNORANT SMALL-TOWN FOLK...

YOU ... YOU SAID YOU HAD THEM. YOU GOT RID OF THEM, I TAKE IT!

THEY'RE GONE FOR NOW. BUT THEY ALWAYS COME BACK... I'M SO EMBARRASSED...



COME INSIDE--BUT I TOLD YOU... I HAD--

LOOK, HONEY, OSCAR FELPS ISN'T GOING TO BE BOTHERED BY A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT, S'MOR NOW. HOW 'BOUT A NICE COOL DRINK? EHT

YOUR FOOT KICKS INTO A RUBBER TOY ON THE FRONT LAWN...

URE... HOW MANY KIDS YOU GOT, MISS BELGAOCH?

SEVERAL, I'M AFRAID. THEY'RE DOWN AT THE BEACH RIGHT NOW.

THE HOUSE IS COOL AND STILL  
AFTER THE DRIVING WIND. YOU  
STEP INSIDE... THE ODOR  
ASSAILS YOUR NOSTRILS...

THAT (CHOKED) SMELL...  
LIKE SEAWEED...

IT'S THE CHILDREN.  
THEY FILL THE HOUSE  
WITH IT. (SIGH) I  
CAN'T EVEN HAVE  
VISITORS ANYMORE  
SINCE THE CHILDREN...



SHE BRINGS YOU A COOL  
DRINK. AFTER AWHILE THE  
SMELL DOESN'T SEEM SO  
BAD... BUT THE POUNDING  
OF YOUR HEART IS WORSE  
THAN EVER... SHE'S DRIVING  
YOU MAD...



COME HERE,  
MARE...



NO, PLEASE! DIDN'T  
YOU HEAR ME? I TOLD  
YOU WHAT I HAD!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT  
THAT YOU IDIOT! COME HERE!

HER SKIN IS LIKE HEATED SATIN BENEATH  
YOUR FINGERS. HER HAIR LIKE GOLDEN SILK.  
(SIGH) (SIGH) (SIGH) (SIGH)...



OH...

MARE...

THE SKIMPY DRESS COMES AWAY FROM HER  
LUSH FORM LIKE FADED PETALS... YOU LIFT  
HER IN YOUR STRONG ARMS, CARRY HER  
THROUGH THE SHADOWED HOUSE INTO THE  
BEDROOM...



YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE  
BEFORE DARK... BEFORE THE  
CHILDREN COME BACK...  
PROMISE ME...

I PROMISE.  
I PROMISE!

THE WIND BUFFETS THE FRAIL HOUSE LIKE A GIANT'S HAND,  
STIFLING HER MOANS OF PAIN... OF PLEASURE...



... AND THE AFTERNOON WEARS ON... AND ON...

IT IS DARK WHEN YOU AWAKEN.  
THE GIRL SLUMBERS QUIETLY  
BESIDE YOU. THE WIND HAS  
FINALLY DIED DOWN A BIT. YOU  
ARISE, SEARCHING FOR THE  
BATHROOM...





YOU START ACROSS THE SHADOWED FLOOR. SOMETHING GIGGLES IN THE DARKNESS. SCUTTLES PAST YOUR LEGS. THE CHILDREN HAVE RETURNED FROM THE BEACH. LITTLE PESTS! WERE THEY WATCHING YOU?



YOU FIND THE BATHROOM DOOR. STEP INSIDE. SOMETHING GIGGLES BY THE SINK. YOU REACH OUT FOR THE SWITCH BUT CAN'T FIND IT. NO MATTER, YOU GRASP FOR THE FAUCET... A SEARING PAIN FILLS YOUR HAND...



YOU BACK INTO THE SWITCH ACCIDENTALLY. LIGHT FLARES THE BATHROOM INTO BRILLIANCE. THE HORRIBLE THING IS PERCHED ON THE LIP OF THE SINK, STUBING YOU WITH GRUEL LITTLE EYES. ITS FINGER-CLAWS ARE RED...



THAT'S WHEN YOU HOLD UP YOUR HAND...



YOU SCREAM HOANELY AND RUSH BACK DOWN THE HALL. THE HALL IS FILLED WITH SCUTTLEING NOISES, GIGGLING. A TERRIBLE PAIN LANCES UP YOUR LEGS. YOU FALL, SCREAMING, WRITHING...



SOMETHING WET AND REEKING WITH SEAWEED SMELL LANDS ON YOUR BACK, PINNING YOU. SOMETHING ELSE CLAMBERS CRAB-LIKE ACROSS YOUR FLAILING ARMS. IMPOSSIBLE PAIN ROCKETS THROUGH YOUR SHOULDERS...



YOU FIND THE BEDROOM AT LAST. SHE'S STANDING THERE, TALL, PALE AND BEAUTIFUL, ONE OF THE HORRIBLE CRAB-CHILDREN CLUTCHED TO HER BOWEL, SUCKLING. IT'S THE LAST THING YOU SEE BEFORE THE FIRM OF RED CLOUDS YOUR EYES FOREVER...



I TOLD YOU TO GO...  
I TOLD YOU...

I TOLD YOU WHAT I  
HAD METER I  
TOLD YOU...

# OUT OF HIS DEPTH



Y HONORS THE  
THEIR STOPS  
ALL OF THE WAY  
SUN. SOUTHERN  
WILL REACH THE  
TOP OF THE  
THEIR THE LAND  
AND THE BRANCH  
SECTION, AND THE  
OF THE TOP OF  
POTENTIAL  
AND REACHED  
ALL OF THE  
SUN. THE  
THEIR THE  
THEIR THE  
THEIR THE  
THEIR THE

SHARON BARRON SAT ON THE EDGE OF THE DOCK, WATCHING THE LAUGHING BEHAVING FORMS OF THE CAMPERS PROCEEDING ON THE BOON-DRUNKEN SURFACE OF LAKE GRANADA. SHE HEARD A DICH OF BEASTY BODISON AND PICKED UP HER BEVERLY WHISTLE...



FOUR SUMMERS NOW SHE HAD SERVED A CAMP GRANADA'S CHIEF COUNSELLOR. FOUR SUMMERS NOW SHE HAD SPENT HER TIME ON YOUNG GIRLS WHICH SHE COULD HAVE BEEN IN THE CITY FINDING A PROSPECTIVE HUSBAND...



SHE WAS TWENTY-NINE YEARS OLD AND SHE HADN'T OBTAINED ANY VOUCHERS. MORE AND MORE SHE FOUND HERSELF BATHING IN JUNK AT THE BUS STOP AND TRAVEL BODIES RUNNING AND UP ON THE DOCK... BEING THAT WOULD IN THREE MONTHS FIND THEMSELVES IN POWDER GLASS-BOOTS WITH BOTS.



BUT JOES WERE SCARCE THESE DAYS... AS SCARCE AS MEAT IN HER LIFE...



I...UH GOT THE EVENING OFF TONIGHT. MISS BARRON. I SEE, UH... WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A LITTLE DRIVE HERE...



SHE STARED INTO THE LOOKS SMALL ABOUT THE GIRL'S TURNED AS SHE WAS THE OWNER... HADN'T OF...

HAVE A NICE MORNING SHARON. SHARON? ALL THE GIRLS ACCOUNTED FOR?



THE NEW COUNSELLOR IS DUE TOMORROW. SHARON, WE WANT TO LOOK OUR BEST. YOU KNOW?



AND THAT NIGHT, AS ON ALL NIGHTS, THE UNPLEASANT AND SCUTFUL PRESSURE OF JUDITH AID WITH THE HOT, SULTRY SUMMER DREAMS...



AND THEN, THE NEXT BRIGHT MORNING...



SHE WAS SO EXCITED SHE COULD HARDLY CONTROL HERSELF. ALL HER LIFE SHE HAD DREAMED OF A MAN LIKE THIS. YET AS THE DAYS PASSED, LOWRY'S INITIAL WARMTH SEEMED TO DISAPPEAR...



**FRUSTRATION FIRED ON FRUSTRATION. YET LOWLY REFUSED TO APOLOGE. SHARON WAS FINALLY COMPELLED TO TRY THE OLD JEALOUSY ROUTINE...**



**IT WAS A HIGH POINT TO ASK SHE AND BANN WITH WILLIE ONCE BEFORE... AND ONCE AND BANN ENOUGH...**



**AND THINGS HAD DONE JUST AS SHE'D HOPED...**



**... EXACTLY AS SHE'D HOPED...**



**IT WOULD ONLY BE A QUESTION OF TIME NOW. SHE FELT SURE. BEFORE HE POPPED THE QUESTION...**



**PLEASE. MISS BANNON. I KNOW I'M NOT HANDSOME LIKE HIM. BUT I LOVE YOU. I'D GIVE ANYTHING I CAN JUS' TO TOUCH YOU... TO KISS YOU...**





AND BEFORE THE EVIDENCE WAS GONE, SHE WAS BACK IN HAWAII... A DATE... STROKE ARMS... AND SHE WAS GORGEOUS... AND SHARON'S RESPONSIBLE IN RETURN...



YOU ANALYZED THE CASE?

OH, JEFF, IT WAS HORRIBLE! HIS FINGER WAS GONE... SURE... SURE!



WAIT A SECOND! DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU JUST MARRIED YOURSELF A USED FISH FINGER?

WILLIE, RIGHT? NOT BE KIDNAPED!

DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT THE CAMP WAS BUILT ON WILLIE'S LAND? I WERE WAITING FOR HIM TO GET A TROY BOM FOR IT, AS IT BECAME A NEW IF SOMETHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO ROCK OLD WILLIE... AN ACCIDENT MAYBE...



JEFF, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

WE COULD BE RICH, BABY! WE COULD BE ON BAY STREET! YOU P INVEST! EVERYTHING! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT. SHARON, YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!



SO SHARON RETURN TO WILLIE... SWEET FOR FORGIVENESS YET A MAN THAT NIGHT... AND SUGGESTED A RICE HODADIT CAME SIDE... THE RICE WOULD ALWAYS LIES...

SO MISS WAITING LET ME STAY ON AFTER I GO! HER THE LAND-ON ACCOUNTA I HAD NOBODY TO GO... SURE, IT'S SO PRETTY HERE...

LOOK, WILLIE! LOOK DOWN HERE! A BIG FISH!



WHEN? I DON'T SEE NO IT--



...MAYBE... POSSIBLE... WILLIE...



WILLIE TUMBLED OVER THE BOAT... BUT NOT UNEXPECTEDLY, AS SHARON HAD PLANNED, WILLIE COULDN'T SWIM. SHARON WATCH IN HORROR AS HE CLAWED THE NIGHT AIR... AS HIS EYES BULGED... AS THE LANE WATER Poured INTO HIS LUNGS.

...GEEK... SA-SHARON... --GUNG...--

...WILLIE... SHUDDER...



SHE POWED AWAY FROM THE FLAILING BODY, WALKED BACK TO WILLIE'S DREAM, AND FINISHED LONELY...

...OH, JEFF, IT WAS AWFUL!

DEAR BABY, NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR THE BODY TO RISE! THEN YOU CAN CLAIM YOUR INHERITANCE AND WE CAN BE MARRIED! YOU DID GREAT, SWEETHEART!

**WE'RE ASKED... TERRIBLE, LONELY WE'RE**  
**WHEN SHARON NEEDED TO BE HELP AND**  
**COMFORTED... BUT STILL WILLIE'S BODY DON'T**  
**FOR... THEN, AT LAST, DARK ELDED...**

GOODBYE, MISS BANNON!  
 SEE YOU NEXT YEAR!

HAVE A GOOD  
 WINTER, MR.  
 LOWRY!



**BUT IF SHARON COULDN'T PLAY THE DRIVEN**  
**WIDOW, THEN SHE COULD CERTAINLY PLAY**  
**THE DEMANDING WIFE...**

I'M SORRY BUT I CAN'T  
 GIVE YOU ANY MONEY--

BUT SHE'S MY  
 WIFE! IT SAYS  
 SO RIGHT HERE  
 ON THE MARRIAGE  
 CERTIFICATE!

OH, YES, SIR, I CAN SEE  
 THAT, BUT WILLIE CARROLL  
 WITHREW ALL HIS MONEY  
 FROM THE BANK SEVERAL  
 WEEKS AGO!



**IT WAS NIGHT**  
**WHEN THEY**  
**REACHED THE**  
**SMITH CAMP**  
**BEHIND...**

NOT SO  
 FAST, JEFF!

WE MUST HAVE STASHED  
 IT IN THAT CASKIN' WHERE  
 ELSE COULD IT BE?



**THE TRUCK COLLIDED WITH THE BARRON**  
**ROAD, LOWRY'S HEADLIGHTS REFLECTED**  
**ON THE BLOOD-SOAKED WINGS CRASHING**  
**OVER ITS DECAYED FLESH...**



**LOWRY SENT THE CAR CRASHING INTO A TREE.**  
**SHARON SCREAMED AS THE FORTUNE TELLER**  
**TESTERED FORWARD THE SMOOKING RUBBER AND**  
**PULLED HER LOVER FROM BEHIND THE WHEEL...**



IT'S MYSELF/  
 SHARON, HELP  
 ME!

**SHARON STOOD**  
**TRANSFIERED BY**  
**MORON AS THE**  
**THUMB PULLED THE**  
**SHOCKED LOWRY**  
**DOWN THE BANK**  
**TOWARD THE**  
**WATERS EDGE...**



SHARON!  
 HELP ME!



SHE CLIMBED AS THE GULL...  
OCCASIONALLY... DROPPED INTO THE  
TERRIBLE WATER... WATCHING AS  
THE OTHER EYED... BLOOD... AS NO  
MORE... EYES...



SHE THOUGHT OF  
LATE AND LATE... SAW  
ACROSS THE DESERTED  
CHAMPAGNE... SAW TO  
THE NEAREST CASH...  
SHE COULD FIND...



THE ROOM WAS ALREADY  
OPEN. A BATH... BATH  
SMELL OF BATH... REVEALED  
THE CASH'S INTERIOR...



SHE SAT DOWN HEAVILY ON  
WILLIE'S LUMPY MATTRESS... HER  
EYES WERE WIDE AND DEAD...



SHE SAT QUIETLY  
STARRING INTO SPACE...  
THERE WAS A MOON-  
MENT OUTSIDE THE  
DOOR...



SHE LAY BACK ON THE  
BED. AN EVEN STRONGER  
SMELL OF BATH... ALONE  
WENT INTO THE ROOM...



ALL IS SUDDENLY STILL IN THE TINY CABIN... THEN  
A RUSTY SCREAMING SOUND... FOLLOWED BY A  
REAL AGONYING SCREAM...



# 6 WALK IN THE WOODS

IT WAS ALICE WHO SUGGESTED THE VACATION IN GERMANY. AFTER ALL, DIDN'T THEY BOTH SPEAK THE LANGUAGE FLUENTLY? HADN'T THEY TAKEN SOME TIME APARTS "GET AWAY FROM IT ALL," SHE'D SAID. "SEE THE GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE."



SHE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT GETTING LOST IN IT.

ARE YOU SURE IT WASN'T A LEFT TURN AT THE BURN, THEN A RIGHT TO THE LAKE?

I'M NOT SURE OF ANYTHING ANYMORE, JUST IF!

OH, NO!

HSSSSSS

OH, YES! THAT'S IT FOR THE CAR, WE WALK!

IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING!

SURE WE DO WE'RE GOING BACK TO ST. LOUIS.

JUST AS SOON AS I CALL A SERVICE STATION FROM THAT HOUSE.

MY BRILLIANT HUSBAND!













HEY! HEY THERE!  
I NEED TO USE  
YOUR PHONE!



SORRY, MISTER,  
PHONE'S OUT OF  
ORDER.

BUT MY WIFE - PAWPA  
MY CAR'S  
STALLED  
DOWN THE  
ROAD - PAWPA..  
I NEED TO  
CALL THE  
NEAREST  
TOWN.



TELL YOU WHAT,  
MISTER, YOU  
HELP ME FETCH A  
PAIL OF WATER  
FROM THAT WELL  
FOR DINNER, AND  
I'LL DRIVE YOU  
INTO TOWN!

IT'S  
DEAL!



HERE, LET ME  
TAKE THAT  
BUCKET!

BY THE WAY,  
I'M JOHN  
BENSON. MY  
FRIENDS CALL  
ME JACK!



PLEASD TO KNOW  
YOU JACK, I'M  
JILL HENRICH!



INCIDENTALLY,  
WATCH YOUR  
STEP ON THIS  
HILL...  
LOOSE  
ROCKS...

...PERSON  
COULD  
WRECK HIS  
HEAD  
OPEN...







THERE'S NOBODY IN  
HEY, BOBBY!  
OVER HERE!

CRIME, SAME  
OL' CRIME  
SOLUTION SAT?



I JUST BOW DOWN  
IN MANY OF OUR  
BROODER WINDOWS  
HALL, HAS SHE GOT  
A PAIR

AT THE  
CRUISE

DOESN'T CALL  
THEY THAT  
SQUADRON, I WOULD  
THAT

POURED UP  
ANY LAST WEEK



I THOUGHT WE  
WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO  
STAY TILL WE HAD  
ALL TOGETHER ON THE  
ROUTE, AM I THAT  
THE RULE?

HEY BRADSHAW  
YOU LOOK LIKE  
A MESSING  
PURPLE

TELL HIM TO  
GET IT SHIT  
TRUCK!



I'M READY SETTING  
BACK OF THIS ROUTINE  
FELLAS, I'M TOO OLD  
FOR THIS, I LOOK  
LIKE A PERK IN  
THIS COSTUME

YOU LOOK  
LIKE A FOOL  
WITHOUT IT



NO WHERE'S SHARPER  
LET'S GET THIS SHOW  
ON THE ROAD



NOBODY'S  
WORTHY OF THE  
DATE, AS USUAL,  
I GUAR

CRIME, SAME OL' CRIME,  
SAME OL' CRIME  
EVERY NIGHT, WE GOTTA GO  
GET THE LITTLE THING  
AND WE'LL BE CLEAR  
ACROSS TOWN



HEY LOOK, OL' LADY THEODORE  
PLACE, SHE'S ASKING ABOUT FOR  
A POLY WIFE, LET'S  
GET HER!

HE'S NOT  
ON THE ROUTE  
BUT









